

Vox & Lacrimæ Anglorum:

OR,

The True English--mens
COMPLAINTS,

To their Representatives in
PARLIAMENT.

Humbly tendred to their serious Con-
sideration at their next sitting,
February the 6th. 1667.

*By reason of the Multitude of Oppressions, they
make the oppressed to cry. They cry out, by reason
of the Arm of the Mighty. Job 35. 9.*

*And in every Province whithersoever the Kings
Commandment, and his Decree came, there
was great Mourning, and Fasting, and Weep-
ing and Wayling. Esth. 4. 3.*

Printed in the Year 1668.

To the Parliament.

THese Lines had kiſſ'd your Hands October
last,

But were ſuſpended till the time was paſt;
Because we hop'd you were about to do
That which this juſt Complaint incites you to;
It is our duty, to put you in mind
Of that great Work which yet doth lag behind:
Our Grief and Woes do force us loud to cry,
And call on you for ſpeedy Remedy;
Which was the moving Cause of theſe our Tears,
That you may know our Sufferings and our Fears.
And Providence now having led the way
To give it birth; peruſe it well we pray.
And do not take it for an old Wives ſtory,
But know the Nations Grievs lie here before ye:
Though in ſhort hints, yet here, as in a Map,
With eaſe you'l ſee the cauſe of our Miſhap.

There's not a free-born Engliſh Proteſtant,
But ſets both hand and heart to this Complaint,

Vox & Lacrimæ Anglorum.

R Enowned Patriots, open your Eyes,
 And lend an ear to th' Justice of our cries;
 As you are *English men* (our blood and bones)
 Know 'tis your duty to regard our Groans;
 On you, next God, our confidence relies,
 You are the Bulwarks of our Liberties.
 Within your Walls was voted-in our King,
 For joy whereof our shouts made *England* ring,
 And to make him a great and glorious Prince,
 Both you and we have been at great expence.
 Full *Five and twenty hundred thousand pound*,
 (By you enacted) since hath been paid down,
 Our *Customs* to a vast Renew come;
 Our *Fishing-money*, no inferiour sum.
 That old Ale-spoiling trade of the *Excise*,
 Doth yearly to a mass of money rise;
 Besides the *Additiōnal of Royal Aid*,
 And *Chimney-money*, which is yearly paid.
 Oft have our heads by *Polls* been sadly shorn,
 With money from poor *Servants Wages* torn.
 Our *Dunkirk* yeelded many a thousand pound,
 (Tis easier far to sell than gain a Town.)
 With forc'd *Benevolence*, and other things,
 Enough t'enrich a dozen *Danish Kings*.
 Million on million on the Nations back,
 Yet we and all our Freedoms go to wrack;
 We hop'd when first these heavy Taxes rose,
 Some should be us'd to scare away our foes,
 Or beat them, till (like *Gibeonites*) they bring
 Their *Grandeers* ready haltred to our King;

Or make them buckle, and their points untruss;
 As they did when the Motto, *God with Us*.
 But Oh! instead of this, our cruel Fate
 Hath made us like a Widow, desolate.
 Our Houses sadly burnt about our ears,
 Our Wives & Children senseless made with fears;
 Our Warlike Ships, in which our safety lay,
 Unto our daring foes are made a prey. (Land,
 Our Forts and Castles, which should guard our
 Just like old Nunneries and Abbies stand.
 And long before our Inland-Towns demur'd,
 That Sea and Land alike might be secur'd,
 Our *Magazines*, which did abound with store,
 Like us (sad English-men) are very poor.
 Our *Trade* is lost, our *Merchants* are undone,
Yeomen and *Farmers*, all to Ruine run.
 Those that our fatal Battels fought, neglected;
 And swearing, *damme*, cowardly *Rogues* protected.
 Our gallant *Seamen* (once the world did dread)
 For want of *Pay*, are metamorphos'd:
 Whilst their sad Widows & poor Orphans weep,
 Whose dear Relations perisht in the deep;
 And to augment and aggravate their grief,
 At the Pay-office find but cold relief;
 Many a month are forc'd to wait and stay,
 To seek the price of blood, dead *Husbands* pay.
 The sober People, who our Trade advanced,
 Throughout our Nation quite discountenanced.
 It grieves our hearts that we should live to see
 True *Virtue* punished, and *Vice* go free.
 Thousands there be that could not hurt a worm,
 Imprisoned were, 'cause they cannot conform.
 Others exil'd, and from Relations sent,
 We know not why, but being innocent.
 Whilst *Rome's* black *Locusts* menace us with storms
 Like *Egypt's* Frogs, about the Kingdom swarms.

Our

Our penal Laws are never executed
 Against those Vermin, which our Land polluted,
 Only to blind and hoodwink us (alas)
 An Edict passes to prohibit Mass,
 With such a latitude, as most men say,
 It's like its Sire, the Oath *Et cætera*.

But prais'd be God for Peace, that's very clear;
 But on what terms th'Event will make appear;
 We dread lest it should be more to our cost,
 Than when *Amboyna* Spicery was lost.
 They treat with Rod in hand, our Buttocks bare;
 Judge what the issues of such Treaties are.

Thus sick, ye Worthies, sick our Nation lies,
 And none but God can cure her maladies.

Those that should chear her in your interval,
 Like dull *Quack-salvers*, make her spirits fail:
 Turn she her wither'd face to whom she will,
 All that she gets is but a purging Pill.

If any of her Children for her cry,
 Her cruel *Empricks* use Phlebotomy. (blood,
 That wholsom Physick which should cleanse her
 They do derain, inflaming what is good.
 This for a long time hath bad humours bred,
 Which sends up filthy vapours to the head.
 All wise men judge, if these extreames endure;
 'Twill period in a mad-brain'd *Calenture*.

Then, O ye Worthies, now for Heavens sake,
 Some pity on your gasping Country take.
 Call to account those Leeches of the State,
 Who from their trust deeply prevaricate;
 Who have of English Coin exhausted more,
 Than would ten *Euer-de-Liens* home restore.
 Who like perfidious and deceitful Elves,
 Ruine the Nation to enrich themselves;
 More ready were our Counsels to disclose,
 Than to protect us from our *Belgian* foes.

The

The Fleet divided, shews such treachery;
 That Pagans, Turks and Infidels decry.
 The States Purse cannot but be indigent,
 When so much money over-Sea is sent.
 No wonder Dutchmen cry, Thanks Glarendine,
 We are so roundly paid with English Coin.
 If Georges mouth be stopr, think they that we
 Have all our eyes bor'd out, and cannot see.
 Our foes of English Coin have greater store
 Since Wars began, than ere they had before.
 Quaint stratagem, for Rulers busied be
 To tye a raw Hide to an Orange Tree;
 With resolution, 'cause he's of that blood,
 To lift his head above the Mogan hood.
 Then both the Kiepskins would be well bestow'd,
 One honour'd here, t'other as much abroad.
 These and such Projects have procur'd a War,
 Where mortals worry'd were like Dog and Bear.
 Then Money works the wonder, that is sure,
 The price of Dunkirk here may much procure.
 Dunkirk was sold, but why, we do not know,
 Unless t'erec a new Sevaglio,
 Or be a Receptacle unto those,
 Were once intended our invading foes.
 Then let that treacherous Abject Lump of Pride,
 With all his joynr-Confederates beside,
 Be brought to Justice, tryed by our Laws,
 And so receive the merits of their Cause.
 Who justly now are made the peoples hate,
 That would not do them Justice in the Gate.
 We pray your Honours choose out a Committee
 To find the Instruments that burnt our City;
 Can one poor senseless Frenchmans life repair
 The losse of Britains great Imperial Chair?
 Many there were in that vile fact detected,
 And those that should them punish, them protected.
 When

When *Nero* did the like on famous *Rome*,
 Were all her Senators and People dumb?
 Must we be silent, when incompass round (found)
 With black-mouth'd Dogs, that would us all con-
 Most hellish Plot! 'twas *Guido Faux* in grain,
 Hatch'd by the Jesuites in *France* and *Spain*.
 For which your Honours wisely did remember
 To keep another fifth day of *November*.

When these Delinquents up and down the Nation
 You sifted for, then came your Prorogation.
 Mean while, though *London* in her ashes lies,
 Yet out of her shall such a Phoenix rise,
 Shall be a scourge and terrour unto those,
 Who for this hundred years have been her foes.

Perfidious *Papists*! shall your treachery,
 Think ye, reduce US to Idolatry?
Blood-thirsty Monsters! we know better things;
 Not all the pride of your dark-lantern Kitts,
 Nor all your Counsels of *Achitophel*,
 Shall make us run your ready road to Hell;
 Blind Blockheads, we abhor your rotten Whore;
 None but the God of *Jacob* we adore.

We beg your Honours to redeem our Trade,
 Which in your Intervals is much decay'd;
 Regaining that, we hope such fruit 'twill yeeld,
 We on our Ruins chearfully may build.

We pray repeal that *Law unnatural*,
 That men in question for their *Conscience* call:
 'Tis cruelty, for you to force men to
 The thing, that they had rather die than do;
 This is mans All, 'tis Christ's Prerogative,
 Therefore against it 'tis in vain to strive.

Distribute Justice with an equal hand
 Unto the Peer, as Peasant of the Land;
 Many true Commoners murder'd of late;
 Yet Justice strikes not the Assassinate.

Why

Why should the just Cause of the Client be
Utterly lost, wanting a double Fee ?

Why partial Judges on the Benches sit,
And Juries overaw'd, which is not fit ?

Why some corrupted, others wanting wit,
And why a Parliament should suffer it ?

Why great mens wills should be their only Law,
And why they do not call to mind *Jack Straw* ?

Why they do let their Reputation rot,
And why *Carnarvan Edward* is forgot ?

Why *Bloodworth* would not let that dreadful Fire
Extinguish be, as good men did desire ?

And why Lifeguard-men at each Gate were set,
Hindring the people thence their goods to get ?

Why were our Houses levell'd with the ground,
That fairly stood about the *Tower* round ?

When many thousand Families were left
Without a house, then we must be bereft

Of habitations too with all the rest,
And share with those that greatly were distressed.

Why should our *Mother-Queen* exhaust our store,
Enriching *France*, and making *England* poor

Spending our Treasure in a forreign Land,
Which doth not with our Nations Interest stand ?

Therefore in time stay th'bleeding of this vein,
Lest it our Nations vital spirits drain.

Why *England* now, as in the dayes of yore,
Must have an Intercessor, *Madam Shore* ?

Why upon her is spent more in a day,
Than would a deal of publick charge defray ?

Why second *Rosamond* is made away ?
And that remains a Riddle to this day.

Why *Papists* put in places of great trust,
And *Protestants* lay by their Arms to rust ?

Why *Courtiers* rant with Goods of other mens,
And with Protections cheat the *Citizens* ?

Why

Why drunken Justices are tolerated,
 And why the Gospel's almost abrogated?
 Why Clergy-men do domineer so high,
 That should be patterns of humility?
 Why they do Steeple upon Steeple set,
 As if they meant that way to Heav'n to get?
 Who nothing have to prove themselves devout,
 Save only this, that *Cromwel* turn'd them out.
 Why Tippets, Copes, Lawnsleeves & such like geer
 Consume above three millions by the year?
 Why *Bell and Dragon Drones*, like Boar in sty,
 Eat more than all the painful Ministry?
 Which is one cause the Nation is so poor,
 And when the King will find their *privy Door*?
 When *Daniel* shews th' impression of their feet,
 And gives direction, then hee'l come to see't.
 Why *Englands* grand Religion now should be
 A Stalking-Horse to blind Idolatry?
 Why many thousands now bow down before it,
 That in their Consciences do much abhor it?
 Why Treachery is us'd by Complication,
 Fraud and Deceit the *All-a-moad* in fashion?
 Why ranting Cowards in Butt-coats are pur,
 And why they Robbers turn, to fill their gut?
 Why Fools in Corporations do command,
 Who know nor Justice, nor the Law o'th Land?
 Why he who brought our necks into this Yoke,
 Dreads not the thoughts of *Feltons* fatal stroke?
 Sure they'r bewitch'd who think us *English men*
 Have no more courage left us than a Hen.
 And why that Interest is become the least,
 In the year *Sixty* greater than the rest?
 We know no reason, but do all consent,
 These are the fruits of an Ill-Government.
 Some think our Judgments do run parallel
 With *Dauids* in the dayes of *Israel*.

B-

The

The difference is, he was a Man of God ;
 But ours have been his sore afflicting Rod ;
 To which we turn our naked backs, and say,
 Lord, during thy pleasure, *Vive le Roy.*

We pray restore our *faithful Ministers,*
 Whom we do own as Christ's Ambassadors,
 Why are our Pulpits pestred with that Crew,
 That took up Orders since *black Bartholmew;*
 Who Mysteries of Gospel know no more,
 Than that dumb Calf that *Israel* did adore.
 Too late for us to you to make our moan,
 When they have led us to destruction.
 Must all be enemies to King and State,
 That from the Church of *England* separate ?
 Must all the Meetings of the *Innocent*
 Be judg'd unlawful and to Prison sent ?
 'Twere better all such Edicts you made void,
 And grant the Liberty they once enjoy'd ;
 Confirming that unto them by a Law,
 Makes good the Royal Promise at *Breda.*

Tread all *Monopolies* into the Earth,
 And make provision that no more get birth
 In this a Prince's danger chiefly lies,
 That he is forc'd to see with others eyes,
 From hence our Troubles rose in *Ferry ones,*
 When that *Domestick War* at first begun.

Relieve th' *Oppressed,* set all Prisoners free,
 Who for their Consciences in durance be.
 Poor Debtors who have not wherewith to pay,
 Break off their Shackles, let them go their way,
 And let suborned Witnesses appear
 No more against the *Innocent* to swear.
 Let no more Juries that are byassed,
 Selected be to do what they are bid ;
 Who to fulfill mens Lusts and Cruelty,
 Regard not though the *Innocent* do dye.

Why

Why should our just Laws as a Cobweb be,
 To catch small flies, and let the great go free?
 This turns true judgment into wormwood gall,
 Doth for the Vengeance of th' Avenger call,
 Then ease those Burdens under which we groan,
 Give Liberty its Resurrection.

Let painful Husbandry, the Child of Peace,
 Be now encouraged, since Wars do cease:
 Let not the poor enslaved Plow-man crave
 Redress from you, and yet no succour have.
 'Tis too much like a base French stratagem,
 To make the People poor to govern them.
 More happy for a Prince, when Aid he craves,
 To hav't from free-born men, than injur'd slaves.
 We are free-born, we yet are English-men,
 Let's not like old men boast what we have been;
 But make us happy by your gentle Rayes,
 And You shall be the tenour of our Praise;
 And our posterities with joynt consent,
 Shall call you Englands healing Parliament:

But if you still will make our Bands the stronger,
 If Prisoners must remain in durance longer;
 If wandring Stars must still by force detruide
 (Under Eclipse) those of first Magnitude;
 If Prelates still must ov'r our Conscience ride,
 And Papists bonfires make on us beside.
 If he and they (whose Avarice and Pride
 So long have rid our backs, and gall'd our side)
 Have got so strong an intrest in the State,
 That their Commitment costs so long debate;
 Until a way be made for his escape
 To foreign parts, there to negotiate:
 The edge of Justice surely's ruin'd aside,
 To cut the poor ones flesh, and save the Hide.
 If you meep Lusts and Av'rice gratifie,
 And yet our empty Purse-strings will untie;

You are too free of what nev'r was your own,
 And know you only make us more to groan
 (Assè-like:) and surely any mortal man,
 Will seek to ease his burden when he can.
 There's not an *English-man* but well hath learn'd,
 Your Priviledges are alike concern'd
 With all our Liberties; That he that doth
 Infringe the one, usurps upon them both.
 And shall it on your Door and Tombs be writ,
This was that Parliament so long did sit,
While Conscience, Liberty, our Purse and Trade;
The Country, City, Ships, and All's betray'd?
That made an Act for building on the Urn,
But no Inquest who did the City burn;
To feed a Palmer-worm, who threw away
That publick stock that Seamen should devey.
 Since now you have an opportunity,
 Redeem your selves and us from Slavery:
 If not, (the Wheel goes round) there is no doubt,
 You'll also share with those you have turn'd out.

Vivat Lex Rex.

POST-SCRIPT.

IF ere you leave us in a lasting-Peace,
 'Tis by redressing all our Grievances.
 When Rulers stop their ears to th' Peoples cries,
 Those are sad symptoms of *Catastrophies*.
 In Watch, or Clock, things made irregular,
 Though ne're so small, make all the work to jar.
 And in the Body Natural 'tis found,
 That if an Humour doth therein abound,
 That the Physician must extenuate,
 And make it with the rest co-operate.

So

So, if in Bodies Politick there be,
 Not found 'twixt all Estates a harmony,
 They cease not till in tract of time they bring
 All to Confusion, *Peasant, Lord and King.*
 To make some great, and ruine all the rest,
 In this a Commonwealth cannot be blest.
 And doth it follow hence, *great Sirs*, that we
 Must be made Beggars to posteritie.
 Let Equity and Justice plead our Cause,
 And then refer us to our ancient Laws.
 If *Magna Charta* must be wholly slighted,
 We must conclude our Rulers are benighted.

But needs must we be poor, when it is known
 We've had a second *Pearce of Gaveston*.
 Your Power is sovereign, else we durst not quote
 His poysonous name, without an *Antidote*.
 + *Perfideous Clarendon!* that potent Thief,
 His Prince's blemish, and the Peoples grief.
 Who once did scorn to plunder by retail,
 Who stretch'd the State's purse till the strings did
 He and his fellow Juglers found the knack (fail.
 To plow deep furrows on the Nations back.
 Like Glaziers, who incite the roaring Crew
 Windows to break, that they may make them new.
 So they pick Quarrels with our Neighbor Nations,
 Then baul at you to peel us with *Taxations*;
 Which having got, stil more and more they crave,
 Ev'n like the Horseleech, or devouring Grave.
 For Avarice cannot be satisfi'd,
 No more than *Belzebub* and's Brother *Hide*.
 That *Machiavil* we have not yet forgot,
 Who brew'd that wicked, hellish *Northern Plot*;
 Where many Gentlemen had ruin'd been,
 If Providence had not step'd in between.
 Who then amongst your selves secure can be,
 If this be not check'd by Authority.

He

+ *Perfideous* - vide 'The British Appeals'
 page 37 - L 31.

He was one of that open-handed Tribe
 Whose Avarice ne're yet refus'd a Bribe,
 What suit of Law, soe'er before him came,
 He that produc'd most Angels, won the Game;
 Be't right or wrong, or Plaintiff or Defendant,
 Should have the Cause, if Gold were at the end on't.
 How did he send, without remorse or fear,
 Thousands brave *English* to that Grave, *Tangier*?
 What usage had the *Scots*, thousands can tell,
 When the late *Remonstrators* did rebel,
 Whilst *Irish Rebels* quit their old *O'hone*,
 Poor *English Protestants* take up that tone.
Empson and *Dudly's* facts compar'd with his,
 Were but nights darkness unto Hells Abiss.
 The famous *Spencers* did in type pourtray
 What should be acted by this Beast of prey.
 Earth him, and you shall find within his Cell,
 Those mischiefs which no Age can parallel;
War, Fire and Blood, with vast expence of *Treasure*,
Ruine of Englishmen, his chiefest pleasure.
 In fine, for Mischief he was what you will,
 The perfect *Epitome* of all ill.
 All good men hate his Name; nay (which is worse)
 Three Nations doggs him with their heavy curse.
 As he regarded not the Widows tears;
 So ye, just Heavens, multiply his fears.
 Let *Cains* most dreadful doom soon overtake him,
 And his companion *Gout* never forsake him.
 Let Heavens Vengeance light upon his pate,
 Till all our wrongs it doth retaliate;
 Till he himself to Justice doth resign,
 Let all men call him, *Cursed Clarendone*.
 Dexterous Artist, he with little ease,
 Transplanted *Dunkirk* from beyond the Seas,
 And dropt it near that fatal spot of Land,
 Where for him now *Tyburn* doth weeping stand;
 The

The echoing Ax out of the Tow'r doth call;
 To speed this Monster *Epidemical*.
 But he upon us having plaid his prank,
 Follows his Brethren, *Finch and Windebank*.
 Thus *Hide* by name, is *Hide* by practice too,
 Yet cannot hide from Heav'n, tho hid from You.
 And being gone, hath left his Imps behind,
 Whose only work is, all your Eyes to blind,
 Left tracing him, you find their villany,
 Yet known to few but the All-seeing Eye.
 If any thing of common fame be true,
 He's only gone our Mischiefs to renew;
 And if his practice justify our fears,
 Hee'l set again together by the ears.
 Ambition's of the nature of the Devil,
 Always to brood, and hatch, and bring forth evil.

If true that *Maxime* be, *Kings cannot err*;
 With modesty we may from thence infer.
 Ill thrives that hapless Nation then that shows,
 A silent Prince, and Chancellor that crows
 Over his Equals, over all his Peers,
 Over *Fanaticks*, over *Cavaliers*;
 He was so absolute, 'twas hard to say,
 Or he, or *Charles*, whether we must obey.
 Rose from a Gentleman, too near the Throne;
 Sought not the Nations Interest, but his own.

You are our Bridle in such *Tyrants jaws*,
 That would destroy us, and subvert our Laws.
 Now hold the Reign, now keep the Ballance true,
 Find those *Banister's* that do lie put due.
 If you, like *Caro*, for your Country stand,
 Three noble Nations are at your command;
 Whilst Justice, Truth & Right business do guide you
 Wee'l be your Guard, whatever shall beride you.

Disarm the Papists, and secure our Ports,
 Place Protestants in Garrisons and Forts.

Why

Why should the *French* and *Irish* here bear sway,
 That Enemies to *England* are this day ?
 Let not our Magazines remain with those,
 That burnt our City, and abide our Foes ;
 Whose hellish, bloody principles are such,
 To butcher *English-men* they think not much.
 What Safety, Peace, or Trade can we expect,
 When these protected are, and you neglect
 Us to secure against such Cut-throat Dogs,
 As swarm now in our Land, like *Egypt's* Frogs.
 What means the flocking of the *French* so fast,
 Into our Bowels thus with Arms to hast ?
 And must our Horses, which of value be,
 Be unto *France* transported, as we see ?
 Are not our Forts and Castles, all betray'd,
 When all their Stores and Guns aside are laid,
 Out of the reach of such as would oppose
 Foreign Enemies and Domestick Foes ?
 Did the Dumb Child, when at his Father's throat
 He saw a Knife, immediately cry out ?
 Can we be silent, when the *Train* is laid,
 And *Fire-works* prepared, as 'tis said ?
 Look through the Vail, and you will soon espy
 The *Romish Councils* close at work do lie,
 To undermine You, and *Religion* too :
 Look well about you, lest you do it rue.
 Now is the time to quit your selves like men,
 Now stand up for our Liberties, and then,
 The Lawrel Wreath and never-fading Bayes,
 Shall crown your heads, and we shall sing your
 (praise.

*Is there no Balm in Gilead ? is there no Physician
 there ? Why then is not the health of the daughter of
 my people recovered ?*

FINIS.



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